No Day of Triumph—*An Editorial*

THE Nation

January 5, 1952

SPANISH JOURNEY

I. Land in Decay

BY ROBERT FROMM

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Anaconda's Big Steal

You Can Stop This, Mr. Truman!

BY WILLARD SHELTON

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JAN 8 1952

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AROUND THE U. S. A.

Rolling Back Time

Wilmington, N. C.

ARMED with high-powered charts, maps, and legal counsel, and marching under the shop-worn "road to socialism" banner, a group of real-estate men have delayed the construction of a public-housing project in Wilmington for a year now and may hold it up for another year. So far they have lost every skirmish: state commissions, city councils, and the Superior Court have denied their claims. Now they are seeking a decision by the state Supreme Court.

A year ago, when the Housing Authority of the City of Wilmington was looking for a site for a 150-unit project, its eye chanced to light on some fallow fields lying beyond an outlying industrial district, and that, it decided, was the place. It did not know, or if it knew felt safe in ignoring, that a number of real-estate dealers, headed by Richard A. Shew, planned a residential development in the neighborhood and had spent money laying out streets, blocks, and utility systems on nice-looking charts.

At first the project went forward smoothly. After clearing things with Washington, the city asked the state Utilities Commission for authority to condemn the so-called Willard Street area for a public-housing site. Willard Street, by the way, existed only on paper, although it had been dedicated at formal ceremonies some time before. Last August 3 the Utilities Commission notified the city that condemnation could proceed.

The real-estate men, who had been fuming none too quietly up till then, promptly came out into the open with full-page newspaper advertisements and with protests to the county commissioners and the City Council. They notified the Utilities Commission of their intention to appeal its ruling and obtained a court injunction prohibiting the city from beginning to build. On October 15 they appeared in the New Hanover County Superior Court to defend the injunction, having engaged Ozmer Henry, a crack Lumberton lawyer, as their chief counsel at a reputed $500 a day in court. Their case rested on two points: first, they contended the project would break the Housing Authority's own rule of thumb by increasing public housing to more than 20 per cent of local substandard units; and, second, that without state legislation the city could not take over a street that had been dedicated.

They also had an imposing sheaf of signed affidavits protesting against the housing project, including some, they said, from public officials. The only one by an official they produced was a statement from a worker in the juvenile court who observed that she thought it would be better to have the project on the other side of town. The rest of the affidavits were from the dealers who had planned the new development and who foresaw a decline in the value of their property if the project were built.

On October 23 Judge Walter J. Bone dissolved the injunction prohibiting the city from proceeding. One might have thought the question was settled. But it was not. On November 9 the real-estate men appeared before the City Council, armed again with Ozmer Henry. Their chief claim now was that the project would prevent access to their property. In the manner of most governing boards, the council decided to settle the matter temporarily by dodging it, and voted to have the city Planning Board look into it. But the Planning Board sent it right back to the council, saying that it had no jurisdiction over the case. The council disliked to make a decision that could not be popular but finally, on November 22, upheld the Housing Authority.

Early this month, however, the real-estate men were at it again, this time in Superior Court, appealing from the Utilities Commission's first ruling. Judge John J. Burney added another rebuff to those they had already met when he turned their appeal down. But even that was not enough. Noting that two new justices had recently been named to the state Supreme Court and apparently hoping for a new era in state law, the real-estate men immediately appealed Judge Burney's decision to the higher court. There the case rests at present.

The opponents of the housing project have hoped to make it a test case, possibly even to roll back time with it. In their oratory before court and council the road-to-socialism theme has been emphasized too frequently, too hotly and even obsessively, to be wholly insincere. Of all economic groups the real-estate dealers seem to have been most disgruntled by the public-housing laws, the slum-clearance projects, the home loans, the rent controls. Their motives are plain. Some of the affidavits are so frankly selfish as to be almost disarming. These men had property, they planned to make money on it; then the city came along and tried to spoil it for them. They are not going to let the city ruin their plans if they can stop it.

Of course hardly anybody goes to court without a clear selfish reason for it. But a look at the sagging porches in the poorer districts of Wilmington, at the windows stuffed with newspapers, at the toilet bowls standing in the open in the middle of the back yards is enough to show why in this case selfishness should not prevail.

JOHN POWELL

AN AMBASSADOR TO THE VATICAN?

PRESIDENT TRUMAN has announced that as soon as Congress reconvenes he will again submit to the Senate the name of General Mark Clark as ambassador to the Holy See. Would sending an ambassador to the Vatican violate the principle of separation of church and state? What effect would it have on American prestige in Italy and on internal Italian politics? In an early issue *The Nation* will analyze the constitutionality and political implications of the proposed move. Among other contributions Mark de Wolfe Howe of the Harvard Law School will discuss the constitutional issue; Dr. Joseph Blau of the Department of Philosophy of Columbia University will review the interesting record of United States-Vatican diplomatic relations. An editorial will sum up the issues and state *The Nation's* position.

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The Shape of Things

NOWADAYS MANY CALIFORNIANS REFER TO Senator William Knowland as "the Senator from Formosa." Scarcely a week passes without some new Knowland intervention on behalf of the Chiang Kai-shek regime. The Senator's carefully timed charges against the Chinese Communists—that they are unlawfully detaining Americans in China, that they seek to extort funds from Chinese Americans with relatives in China—keep the spotlight on Peking and envelop Formosa in a charitable obscurity. In the meantime one hears very little about Senator Wayne Morse's resolution calling for an investigation of the China lobby, the need for which has been emphasized by Robert S. Allen's account of the mysterious purchasing agencies, commissions, and offices maintained in New York and Washington by Chiang Kai-shek. The list includes, among many others: Allied Syndicate, Inc., headed by Dr. R. H. Kung, brother-in-law of Chiang; Yangtze Trading Corporation, headed by Dr. H. H. Kung, son of R. H. Kung; Fu Chun Corporation, headed by T. V. Soong, another of Chiang's brothers-in-law; Ho Chong Company, headed by Dr. P. W. Taou; Wah Chang Corporation; Chinese Petroleum Corporation; and Central Trust Company of China. In fact, the Chinese Nationalists are said to maintain more agencies and purchasing commissions in this country than either Britain or France. It is time that this far-flung network of agencies was thoroughly investigated. An investigation might even explain why Senator Knowland continues to defend the Formosa regime with the passion of an advocate.

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AN EXPLOSION OF METHANE GAS IN A COAL mine at West Frankfort, Illinois, on December 21, cost 119 lives, the heaviest toll in any mine disaster since 1928. Only after detailed investigation will it be possible to learn exactly what happened and whose was the responsibility, but there is reason to believe that once again tragedy has struck at a mining community because profits were placed above safety. According to James Westfield, Regional Accident Prevention and Health Director of the Bureau of Mines, this was an "absolutely preventable disaster" due to "somebody's carelessness." The gassy condition of the pit appears to have been known for some time. Last July two federal inspectors recommended that abandoned workings, where gas tends to collect, should be sealed or, alternatively, that air used to ventilate them should not be circulated through other parts of the mine. These recommendations were ignored by Mine Superintendent John R. Foster who has declared that they were "controversial" and that anyway he was under no legal obligation to follow them. This recalls the terrible explosion at the Centralia Number 5 mine, also in southern Illinois, in March, 1947. In that case repeated warnings of the dangerously dusty condition of the pit were given by both state and federal inspectors and by United Mine Workers local officers. But the Centralia management was unwilling to interrupt profitable coal-getting to clean up the pit and adopt safeguards against dust explosions, and the State Department of Mines, which had the power to crack down, failed through carelessness or connivance to do so. In view of the inadequacy of state mining codes and their frequently lax enforcement, John L. Lewis is thoroughly justified in pressing for a federal inspection law with teeth in it. We hope that the West Frankfort tragedy will move Congress to action before more blood is smeared on our coal.

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BROADCASTING TO THE BRITISH PEOPLE ON December 22, Prime Minister Churchill warned against attaching "any exaggerated hopes or importance to my visit to Washington." Nevertheless, the composition of the large party accompanying him indicates that he himself attaches the greatest possible importance to his talks with President Truman and that he expects to cover the whole range of Anglo-American relations. In addition to Foreign Secretary Eden, he will have at his side Lord Ismay, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, Lord Cherwell, his chief adviser on scientific matters and superviser of Britain's atomic research, Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and a number of high-ranking military and civilian experts. Doubts have been expressed that Mr. Churchill will request further specific economic aid, despite Britain's mounting economic difficulties, but there can hardly be any realistic discussion of rearmament problems and military policy without reference to these difficulties. And if he intends to talk frankly, Mr. Churchill can hardly refrain from pointing out to the President and his colleagues the dangers of overstraining the economies of

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the European members of NATO. Moreover, his recent statements suggest that he is less fearful of Russian aggression than most Washington officials and still clings to the belief that relations with Moscow can be improved by top-level negotiations. With this in view he may urge greater efforts to bring the Korean truce talks to a speedy and successful conclusion—a necessary preliminary to a new approach to Russia. Will he also urge reconsideration of the American belief that the German problem is non-negotiable? It is difficult to see how he can avoid doing so since it is clear that German rearmament is the most formidable obstacle blocking the road to mitigation of the cold war.

✶

AS AMERICANS FOR DEMOCRATIC ACTION approaches its fifth birthday, a salute is due this liberal organization for the way in which it has developed an increasingly affirmative program. As an avowedly anti-Communist group, A. D. A. faced the danger that its leaders might fritter away their energies in sterile declarations of antagonism to the Soviet system. But A. D. A. has not allowed its dislike of communism to blind it to serious threats to liberty at home. Last year Congressmen close to A. D. A. were among the few who opposed the McCarran "anti-subversive" act when dozens of "liberals" voted for a measure they privately despised. Now A. D. A. has issued a timely pamphlet demanding repeal of the Smith act. Emphasizing "action" as it does, A. D. A. can be relied upon to follow up this verbal broadside by filing *amicus curiae* briefs in pending prosecutions and by organizing a movement for repeal of the act. A. D. A. has reason for pride in the stand it has taken, and we wish it a continuing useful future.

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IN HIS ANNUAL CHRISTMAS MESSAGE THE Pope indirectly answered those who would send an American ambassador to the Vatican in order to establish close links between the two major anti-Communist forces in the West. He emphasized again the church's neutrality in the conflict between East and West and its unwillingness to enter into an alliance with any temporal power. This position has of course been repeatedly stressed in the Vatican, especially by Count Della Torre, editor of *L'Osservatore Romano*. But never so far as we remember has the Pope himself given it such explicit approval. Echoing previous Christmas messages which attacked communism and denounced the governments of Eastern Europe, the speech also indicated the Vatican's lack of confidence in American world policy as well as its disapproval of the "widespread weakness of a world which loves emphatically to call itself 'the free world'." The Holy See believes that communism cannot be destroyed by war; as a doctrine with a super-national appeal it can

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be defeated only by another super-national doctrine, that is, Catholicism. It follows that the Catholic church rather than the United States is equipped to lead the fight against communism and that Washington should recognize this fact. All of which has—or should have—an important bearing on Mr. Truman's announced intention to force the issue of Vatican recognition in the reconvened Congress.

No Day of Triumph

ON Christmas night Harry T. Moore, who had led a long and brave fight for Negro rights, was bombed to death in Mims, Florida. He died as he was being rushed to the hospital by his brother-in-law, Master Sergeant George Simms, just returned from fourteen months in Korea. It was Simms who, in the middle of the night, found the bleeding and dying Moore in the shambles of his home after it had been bombed, not with dynamite but with nitro-glycerine, or TNT. Even the "white folks" of Brevard County concede that Harry Moore was "a good law-abiding citizen." The day he died was, indeed, no day of triumph for American democracy.

The Nation does not need to indulge in any post facto expressions of outrage over this latest act of Florida violence. Two fine pieces by Stetson Kennedy (November 24, December 22), and two editorial comments (December 15) called the attention of *Nation* readers to the increase of violence in Florida and the meaning of this violence. When on November 6, Samuel Shepard, one of the Groveland defendants, was murdered by a Florida sheriff, we wired President Truman, then vacationing in Key West, urging him to speak out against the rule of terror in Florida and suggesting that he demand action from his Attorney General. Sending the wire required no special insight. In a sense Harry T. Moore was murdered because the rising tide of violence was ignored.

But what is truly tragic about the death of Moore is that even now those who should know better refuse to acknowledge the harsh meaning of his death. For example, the editorials in the New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* of December 28, with their phrases about this "creeping sickness" and "faceless menace" and about a "wave of crimes . . . arising from racial bias," were not only irritatingly irrelevant but clearly evasive.

The bombing murder of Harry T. Moore was part of a clear pattern of open force directed against the struggle of racial minorities to win full rights as citizens. Moore was a symbol of this struggle. So was John Lester Mitchell, one of three Negro plaintiffs in a suit to win voting rights in Louisiana, who was shot by a deputy sheriff on November 19. So was the Reverend J. A. Delaine, chairman of the parents' committee in the Clarendon, South Carolina, school case, whose home was recently burned to the ground by way of reprisal. These crimes cannot be understood as senseless acts of depraved or prejudiced individuals. On the contrary, they were essentially political crimes, crimes deliberately committed for a purpose.

The struggle for full civil rights for Negroes, as we have pointed out, entered upon a new phase with the filing of the suit which sought to end segregation in the public schools of Clarendon, South Carolina. Coming in the wake of a series of important civil-rights victories in the Supreme Court, this suit threatened the entire edifice of segregation and white supremacy, since it involved, not a few individual Negroes, but all Negroes of school age in almost every Southern state. The Dixiecrats were quick to see that if the trend of which this suit was part was not reversed, the existing social pattern in the South would be seriously undermined. It was not the crackpots but the Bourbon leaders who voiced the first threats and thereby revived the always present danger of mass violence.

Governor James Byrnes of South Carolina, remembered as a not too successful former Secretary of State, sounded the first alarm. "In Reconstruction days," he said, "a carpetbag government tried to do it [force the South to abandon segregated schools] and failed. A Democratic Administration cannot now do what a Republican Administration could not then do." In Georgia, Governor Herman Talmadge introduced a constitutional amendment that would turn the school system over to private individuals should the courts ever order integration of Negro and white schools. A major political aide, Roy Harris, threatened that if segregation should be outlawed, Negroes would be driven forcibly from fifty Georgia counties, and Talmadge himself said that integration "would create more confusion, disorder, riots, and bloodshed than anything since the War Between the States. . . . There are not enough troops or police in the United States to enforce such an order." Governor Fielding Wright announced that Mississippi would enforce segregation "regardless of the costs or consequences." The Alabama legislature warned: "We will not submit to the intermingling of races in the public schools."

No clearer declaration of defiance of law and provocation to violence could be possible than these statements. What they mean, and were intended to mean, is that the South will never voluntarily abandon the system which has kept Negroes "in their place" these many decades. Segregation is part of a strategy of dominance, the ultimate sanction of which is force. It is absurd, therefore, to condemn the unknown and perhaps demented individual who placed the bomb under Harry Moore's home without condemning the pattern of "force and violence" upon which the structure of white supremacy

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rests. It is equally absurd to inveigh against "racial prejudice" or KKK hoodlums without condemning the elected public officials who incited the violence which, for special reasons, has broken out in Florida but may soon spread throughout the South. This is the same phenomena that came with the organization of the KKK in the Reconstruction period: it is political terror, instigated by Bourbons and applied by Kluxers, to prevent the real emancipation of Negroes in the South. Once before a "deal" robbed Negroes of the full fruits of the victory of the Union forces in the Civil War. Today the "coalition" between Dixiecrats and Taft Republicans being engineered by Senator Karl Mundt and others threatens to repeat in 1952 the famous bargain of 1876. If this coalition becomes a reality, it will rob Negroes of the civil-rights gains of the New Deal and the last six years as surely as the bargain of 1876 robbed them of the protection of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments.

Not to recognize this is also to miss the clear meaning of contemporary events of major historical importance. For the murder of Harry T. Moore is likely to bring about an imponderable change in the political thinking of American Negroes. It was not the Negro leadership that proposed a huge meeting in Birmingham, Alabama, to protest the murder of Moore; the idea came from rank-and-file Negroes whose patience is utterly exhausted not merely with Dixiecrat provocation but with the relaxed middle-class attitudes of some of their leaders, who have been quite willing to issue further political bills of credit to Mr. Truman on the basis of his stale civil-rights speeches of 1948 and the lesser-evil premise. If these leaders show reluctance to challenge the threatened forfeiture of gains made in the last decade, the Negro people see the danger and will no longer be put off with feeble promises and slippery phrases. The bells that tolled for Harry Moore may thus have sounded the political death knell of Harry Truman. The Moore bombing was not another "incident"; it was a date in history.

Murder by Bombing

Jacksonville, December 28

THE murder by bombing of Harry T. Moore, Florida secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, brought to a new peak the wave of terrorism which has engulfed the state in recent weeks. It was, perhaps, the inevitable result of official impotence in the face of the vicious onslaughts that have been directed against Negroes, Jews, and Catholics.

Moore was killed by the blast from a bomb planted under the bedroom of his home; his wife was so seriously injured that she has but a fifty-fifty chance to live. The couple had celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary on Christmas day.

"I don't care much if I live," Mrs. Moore has said from her hospital bed in Sanford. "My home is wrecked, my children are all grown, others can carry on." Moore was apparently not unaware of danger to himself and family; talking with his mother recently, he had said, "Every advancement comes by way of sacrifice."

The forty-six-year-old Moore was a fighter for democratic progress. Eight years ago he was fired from his post as superintendent of the Brevard County Negro High School for prosecuting to the state Supreme Court a suit for the abolition of racial differentials in teachers' salaries. More recently he served as head of the Progressive Voters' League of Florida—not an affiliate of the Progressive Party—which has been instrumental in qualifying and mobilizing Florida Negroes as voters. In last year's Senatorial contest Moore unseated and replaced a leader of the league who had come out for George Smathers, campaigning on a "Southern traditions" platform against Claude Pepper. At a recent convention of the Florida N. A. A. C. P. an effort was made to unseat Moore as secretary on the ground that he was involving the organization in politics, but Moore insisted on the necessity for political action, and a majority of the delegates rallied to his support.

As in the case of the Miami bombings, attempts have been made to explain the murder of Moore as a "Communist plot," but Mrs. Moore for one puts no stock in the suggestion. William Hendrix, Grand Dragon of the Florida Ku Klux Klan and a money-spending candidate for the governorship, has issued the customary Klan disclaimer and offer to assist investigators, adding, "Moore was a good fellow who was trying to help his race, but he just found out he was going about it wrong." In an exceedingly rare move two Negroes have been included in the six-man coroner's jury—perhaps as a result of *The Nation's* pointing out the farcical aspects of the lily-white jury which whitewashed Willis McCall, "the shooting sheriff," in adjoining Lake County. As in the Lake County and Miami affairs, both Governor Fuller Warren and Attorney General J. Howard McGrath have sent in "investigators," but thus far neither state nor federal agencies have preferred charges or even summoned grand juries. Governor Warren, by the way, has gone to great pains to claim that all his actions were taken prior to, or at least without regard to, demands made upon him by the N. A. A. C. P. and other civil-rights groups. Public and private groups have offered rewards in the several cases totaling nearly $20,000—to no avail. If local, state, and federal authorities are, indeed, doing their utmost to apprehend the Florida terrorists, it is a sad commentary on the proficiency of our law-enforcement agencies. It might help, perhaps, if J. Edgar Hoover were to send a team of non-Southern FBI investigators to Florida.

STETSON KENNEDY

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Britain's Middle Course

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, December 20 (delayed)

ON EVERY major question that has come before the present U. N. Assembly the British delegation has voted with the American. This has surprised no one who understands the dependence imposed by the Atlantic alliance. Whenever there has been any sign of a split which might be exploited by the Russians, the United States has demanded that its allies form a common front, and American-British-French solidarity has at once been reestablished.

Nevertheless, the British have made it plain, as far as they could without imperiling Anglo-American collaboration, that their views often differ, if not fundamentally at least by several shades, from those of the Americans. The unwarlike tone used by Mr. Eden in his opening speech in the general debate was maintained by Selwyn Lloyd in the Political Committee during the debate on disarmament. Mr. Lloyd's efforts to have a commission set up which would at least assure a continuation of the discussions and the exploration of all possible paths to eventual agreement clearly revealed the desire of the British government not to push the containment policy to the limit. In his speech of December 11 Mr. Lloyd proposed that this commission, "in deference to Russian wishes," be called the "atomic-energy and conventional-armaments commission," and showed in other ways that he was searching for a middle road between the American and Soviet positions.

The same moderation was displayed by the British in the debate on whether the U. N. should supervise German elections. In everything they said it was apparent that they would not agree lightly to German rearmament as long as there remained any hope of a settlement with Moscow. With their innate political realism they understand that of all the issues dividing East and West, German rearmament is perhaps the only one on which the Russians cannot logically be expected to retreat. The British know that they are dealing with an adversary who is not swayed by emotion; so they base their hope of avoiding war on the Kremlin's reluctance to start something it could not stop. At the same time they know that for Russia, German rearmament is a special case and that the Western powers would be taking a terribly risky gamble in insisting on it.

On less important questions, such as the election of a new member to the Security Council, the British did break with the Americans, voting for Byelorussia and against Greece until the last ballot. They would undoubtedly have pushed their mediation efforts more vigorously outside the Assembly if the Russians had not indicated that they felt concessions would be futile in view of the American determination to rearm West Germany. The British delegation was also inhibited by Churchill's impending visit to the United States.

One gets the impression that the British do not consider war inevitable. They subscribe to some extent to the American theory about positions of strength, but while the United States is unwilling to enter into negotiations with the Russians until these positions have been attained, the British want to negotiate along the way. In fact, they show a disposition to seize any opportunity for serious discussion. Churchill declared openly that he would like to talk with Stalin, and the U. N. British delegation tried hard to have the sessions of the current Assembly utilized to diminish the tension. Above all, the British have been anxious to take no steps in any direction that might make the situation worse. If it had been less critical they would surely have been tougher with the Egyptians. They believe moderation more indicated than bluster, and they are even considering facilitating new arrangements in Libya if they can remain on the Suez only at the risk of war.

It is a bad sign when the work of the United Nations has less weight than international decisions taken outside; the influence of the League of Nations declined as soon as a similar development took place. Western European governments are placing much hope on the Truman-Churchill conversations. They believe public opinion in America will be affected by the personality of the British Premier, who for all his imperialist and reactionary views has more imagination and intellectual boldness than most of the Labor Party leaders. And people here remember his speech in the Mansion House, when he said that "Great Britain has every need and every right to seek and receive the fullest consideration from the Americans for our point of view." Both he and Mr. Eden, moreover, have shown that they agree with Aneurin Bevan that the tempo of rearmament demanded by the Americans would force the country into bankruptcy. Yesterday the talk in the corridors of the Palais de Chaillot was less about what happened in this committee or that than about the energetic stand of the Belgian government—not a "red" or Socialist government but one much admired by the Americans—against the demand of the Atlantic Council that Belgium spend more money on rearmament.

The reservations of the British in the North Atlantic Council meeting at Rome and in the European Council at Strasbourg showed that if they were free they would adopt an armament program much closer to the Bevan conception of what is possible than to the requests issuing from General Eisenhower's headquarters. As to the European army, they would prefer to have no part in it, since they view it as the first step toward the sort of European federation—with a common Parliament and common finances—they have steadfastly opposed. But

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on his recent visit to Paris Mr. Churchill apparently felt he must edge toward the American position on the question of a European army.

In United Nations circles it is feared that when Mr. Churchill asks President Truman for a new loan and other dollar aid, he will find America in an unfavorable mood—official Washington is against his proposed visit to Stalin, and the people think Europe should prepare its own defense by rearming at any cost. Yet there can be no doubt that Great Britain's acute economic difficulties are caused principally by the Atlantic coalition's rearmament demands.

Uncomfortable Prosperity

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

THE year just ended may be best described as a period of uncomfortable prosperity; that now beginning promises more of the same—a very high rate of economic activity and larger money incomes combined with strains, stresses, shortages, and fears for the future which will give prosperity a rather sour taste.

Many economic records were broken in 1951. According to Secretary of Labor Maurice J. Tobin, the total output of goods and services was 10 per cent higher than in 1950 and 5 per cent above 1944, the previous all-time peak. But this addition to the nation's gross income was absorbed by arms expenditure or by new investment mainly of a defense-supporting nature. And although personal income reached a new high in terms of dollars, the purchasing power of the average American was little greater owing to a 7 per cent rise in the cost-of-living index and a bigger tax bill.

Employment figures reached an all-time high in August, when 62,600,000 men and women had jobs and less than 3 per cent of the labor force was unemployed. Many trades in many areas have been complaining about labor shortages. Nevertheless, there is also unemployment or underemployment in some industries adversely affected by the diversion of raw materials to defense. Workers in other industries, notably textiles, clothing, and shoes, suffered from substantial layoffs when consumer demand for such goods fell sharply after inventories had been built up in anticipation of continued "panic" buying. As a result we have such paradoxical situations as that in New England, where textiles, shoes, rubber, and paper plants are providing 18,000 fewer jobs than a year ago, while employment in metal-working industries is up by 101,000.

The impetus of the boom which began with the outbreak of the Korean war has been provided by government expenditure and private investment, with the second of these factors of major importance. Up to last June the federal government was not contributing directly to inflationary pressures since revenue exceeded expenditure. Since then it has been accumulating a deficit, but because of surplus social-security and other non-budgetary receipts actual cash income has been only slightly smaller than cash outlay. On the other hand, private investment in houses, plant, equipment, and inventories, financed to a considerable extent on credit, has been expanding more rapidly than at any other time in our history. Such investment has an inflationary force, since it adds to the stream of income but not immediately to the available supply of consumable goods.

The chief unknown quantity in the 1952 economic equation is the total of private investment. Government expenditure is bound to increase, and assuming no further changes in taxes, a cash deficit for the year of some $7,000,000,000 seems probable. However, some observers believe that the effects of this deficit will be largely offset by a contraction in private investment. House-building, they point out, is being curtailed by credit restrictions, so that total "starts" in 1952 may be no more than 800,000 compared with the 1950 record of 1,400,000. Industrial and commercial construction and public works also seem likely to decline. All forms of commercial building are now subject to government licensing and control, and the National Production Authority has indicated that all applications made during the next six months will be turned down unless "defense necessity" can be proved. This means that few new stores, theaters, office buildings, or hotels will be started; lack of structural steel and other materials is expected to cut construction of schools, highways, and hospitals.

Expenditure on producers' equipment may also decline moderately in the next twelve months. The defense industries have already undertaken much of their "tooling-up," and purchases of new equipment by civilian industries seem likely to lag in view of the fact that material shortages and increased taxes are dimming profit prospects. But the form of private investment most likely to be curtailed during 1952 is that in inventories. In the twelve months after the beginning of the Korean war the threat of shortages—although not the immediate reality—persuaded consumers to buy everything in sight. Anticipation of continuance of this demand encouraged a reckless scramble to build up inventories.

In the second quarter of last year this movement reached a climax with inventory accumulation at a rate

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of $15,900,000,000 per annum, according to Department of Commerce estimates, which compares with an actual increase of $4,300,000,000 in 1950. Then there was a sudden change in the public mood, sparked by the New York "price war," which indicated that the fear of shortages had been much exaggerated, followed by a noticeable decline in consumer demand for automobiles, household appliances, furnishings, and clothes. Weekly department-store sales figures began to compare unfavorably with those of a year earlier. As a result many business men sought to cut back their swollen inventories, and in the third quarter of 1951 the annual rate of increase fell back to $6,100,000,000.

However, overstocking and consumer resistance have not yet led to serious price-cutting. The retail-price index has, in fact, continued to creep up to a new high and has not reflected the moderate fall in wholesale prices from their peak last March. Since Christmas sales failed to fulfil the hopes of most retailers, a good many bargains may appear in the stores during the next few weeks. The midwinter catalogues of the big mail-order houses list impressive mark-downs on hundreds of items, including clothes, furniture, tires, television sets, refrigerators, and shoes. Price reductions in these and other consumer goods, if they prove general and stick, may offset the still rising tendency of rents and food and serve to stabilize the cost-of-living index.

On the other hand, we have to remember that production of all kinds of consumer goods containing metals is likely to be sharply reduced in the coming months. For instance, allotments of aluminum for civilian industries have been set at only 20 per cent of their pre-Korean consumption, and the use of steel, copper, zinc, and other metals by non-essential industries is also to be greatly restricted. Thus while supplies of soft goods may remain fairly plentiful, stocks of "durables" will tend to decline.

Looking at the whole economic picture, my own view is that, more by luck than cunning, we have reached a stage of rather precarious equilibrium. If the cold war is intensified, or if the military are permitted by the Administration and Congress to plan for a still greater expansion of armaments, or if our long record of good harvests is broken, then we may expect the forces making for inflation to regather their strength. On the other hand, if the government listens to the economists and business men who are urging a moderate check to the pace of rearmament, and if wage increases are restricted to amounts that can be paid without increases in prices, we may be able to keep our economy in balance during the next twelve months.

That would make prosperity a little easier to live with, although it is bound to remain an uncomfortable roommate as long as it is based fundamentally on the production of weapons which we must pray are ultimately destined for the junk pile. While we devote ourselves to making guns we worry about what will happen if they go off and also about what will happen if they don't. Two or three years hence the defense blueprints will have been fulfilled, and we shall find ourselves with an immense stock of weapons and an industrial capacity expanded out of proportion to the normal growth of civilian demand. Shall we then suddenly discover that instead of a plethora of money and a shortage of goods we have to cope with a plethora of goods and a shortage of money? Are we destined once again to fall from the frying pan of inflation into the fire of deflation? These are questions that farsighted economists are beginning to ask, and we ought at least to begin thinking about the answers.

Anaconda's Big Steal

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, December 28

BY DECISION of Manly Fleischmann, administrator of defense production, and Mobilization Director Charles E. Wilson the powerful Anaconda Copper Mining Company has been given a lift into the aluminum business. The Department of the Interior doesn't like it, the Anti-Trust Division of the Justice Department doesn't like it, but Anaconda gets what it wants—a sure supply of cheap public power from the Hungry Horse Dam, now being built. Thus the one important Montana interest that consistently opposed construction of this $120,000,000 project will, it now appears, fall heir to a substantial part of Montana's share of the power to be generated.

How Anaconda became Wilson's and Fleischmann's favored corporation is a complicated story. Last summer Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman thought it would be a good idea to stimulate competition in aluminum by putting relatively small independents into the business. Chapman wrote to Wilson on July 12 urging that special financial arrangements be worked out, if necessary, to aid companies which might compete with the existing Big Three—Alcoa, Reynolds, and Kai-

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ser. Chapman also awarded a contract for power from Hungry Horse to an aluminum subsidiary organized by the Harvey Machine Company of California. Harvey's aluminum plant was to be located at Kalispell, Montana, and Chapman recommended a $45,000,000 RFC loan for construction purposes.

At this point the columnist Drew Pearson called public attention to the fact that the Harvey Company had been accused of using improper testing gauges on some of its World War II military production, and Chapman asked Fleischmann to hold up completion of the contract pending an investigation. Anaconda now suddenly entered the picture as a company anxious to produce aluminum and ready to take over Harvey's power contract. Pearson then examined Anaconda's war performance. The Harvey Company was never indicted or prosecuted; in fact, it was exonerated, whereas the Anaconda Wire and Cable Company, a subsidiary of Anaconda Copper, paid $1,626,000 in damages to the government for shipping untested wire to the British and American armed forces. But by the time Pearson got around to discussing this, things had happened.

Harvey had offered to put up $7,000,000 of its own money, but the $45,000,000 RFC loan recommended by Chapman was not approved, the recommendation having been stopped dead in Fleischmann's office. Harvey was unable to arrange private financing as a substitute for the RFC loan, and there are dark suggestions—none of them provable—that promising deals were blocked. Finally, without advance notice to Chapman, a new company in which Anaconda held 95 per cent of the stock was organized to take over Harvey's power contract. In addition to 5 per cent of the stock of the new company, Harvey will be given a contract which is supposed to assure it a supply of aluminum—up to 25 per cent of the total output—for its Los Angeles factories. Despite sharp protests from Chapman and the Justice Department, Fleischmann gave his approval and directed Chapman to confirm the assignment of Hungry Horse power.

Anaconda already uses about 30 per cent of all the electric power consumed in Montana. The power itself is almost all produced by the Anaconda-controlled Montana Power Company. Now, by order of Fleischmann, Anaconda is to become dominant in a new field, aluminum, with the benefit of the cheap public power produced at Hungry Horse with public money.

THE propriety of putting a copper company into the aluminum business is one dubious aspect of the deal. Aluminum is rapidly becoming a competitor in fields where copper has long been supreme. It can be used in transmission lines, for example, as efficiently as copper and is much cheaper—and the Interior Department is now building 12,000 miles of transmission lines. Anaconda, a major company in the highly integrated copper industry, is being allowed in on the ground floor in the competitive aluminum industry and will thus be in a position to monopolize bidding on construction work as well as to protect its traditional interests.

An Administration interested in obtaining the maximum social benefits from Hungry Horse power would have awarded the contract for this power to an independent concern, with guaranties that once the present emergency was over aluminum would be fairly allocated to all small-plant fabricators. But as things now stand, it is a foregone conclusion that Anaconda will use the output of the new plant for its own operations and that the plant will be of little benefit to other fabricators, small or large. That the contract ended up with Anaconda rather than with Harvey would be a blow to small businesses under any circumstances; it appears even more significant in the light of the post-emergency implications for small businesses dependent on aluminum.

Fleischmann issued a statement justifying his Anaconda decision on two grounds: that Anaconda could produce aluminum at Kalispell more quickly than any other company, and that it could build its plants without use of public money. He brushed aside the argument that copper and aluminum are competitive metals by saying that copper has a sure market for at least ten years.

It was not necessary for Fleischmann to wait until Anaconda had swallowed Harvey before taking some action on Harvey's application for a loan. During World War II the government stimulated competition in the aluminum industry by huge loans to the Kaiser and Reynolds interests. Government funds financed a substantial part of our industrial expansion during the war, and their use to spread competition was considered healthy. It was one of the few ways of counteracting the tendency of existing large corporations to attract most of the prime war contracts.

In 1950 and 1951 Congress refused to authorize government construction of new industrial facilities, but it approved RFC loans and price incentives. Chapman and the Department of Justice called Fleischmann's attention to a Congressional declaration on the disposition of public power and an executive order covering mobilization contracts both of which aim to decentralize economic strength. To help Anaconda into the aluminum business and allot it a big part of Hungry Horse power merely because it is already big enough to devour a competitor and can do so without borrowing government money is a grotesque contradiction of the spirit if not the letter of the law and the executive order.

In a final effort to block Fleischmann's directive, Brigadier General Telford Taylor, as head of the Small Defense Plants Administration, urged President Truman to intervene. But the President, doubtless influenced by the embarrassing position in which Representative Mike

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Mansfield and Senator James Murray find themselves on this matter, decided to uphold Fleischmann and Wilson. It is no secret that Murray and Mansfield would rather see Hungry Horse power go to almost any company other than Anaconda, but unfortunately their constituents fear that unless the power goes to Anaconda, it may be allocated to the West Coast plants of Reynolds and Kaiser. Should Secretary Chapman decide not to approve a long-term contract for the power—it is understood that Anaconda is insisting on a twenty-year contract—the deal might still be upset. But Mr. Chapman is not likely to take this action in view of the fact that the President has already upheld Fleischmann and Wilson. However, if General Taylor and Secretary Chapman, with Senator Murray and Representative Mansfield, were to go to the President and insist on a reversal of the decision, the deal might still be blocked.

In all conscience this final effort should be made. Anaconda is reaping huge profits from the production and fabrication of copper. By being able to state that it owns 95 per cent of the stock of the new aluminum subsidiary, Anaconda will be able to plow back its copper profits into the new plant and then write off almost the entire cost under the extravagantly generous provisions of the accelerated tax-amortization program, which allows concerns holding "certificates of necessity" to amortize most of the cost of new defense plants over a five-year period. To put it plainly, Anaconda now stands a chance to end up with a new aluminum plant presented by the government along with a twenty-year contract for 60 per cent of the power from a public project which the company strenuously opposed. A succession of Republican Administrations were never this generous with Anaconda.

Spanish Journey: Land in Decay

BY ROBERT FROMM

Madrid, December 21

YOU drive southward from Bilbao, cross the verdant slopes of the Pyrenees, and descend on to the great Castile plateau. This is the old heart of Spain, the home of proud grandee families, the site of ancient cathedrals, and the fountainhead of Spanish culture and nationalism. You soon discover that it is also a dreary and exhausted country, a land in decay.

Starved for fertilizer, parched by a dry spell, worn out by primitive tillage, the land looks like an aged hag. If trees ever grew here, they were long ago chopped down for fuel. The rivers are dry. The villages, built of yellow mud bricks, merge with the barren countryside. Their narrow streets are covered with a carpet of dry manure and filled with ragged children, who rush to the car to beg for food. The shops are few and have little to sell.

At the entrance to each village there is a large Falange sign of five crossed arrows. These freshly painted emblems of the ruling party are as out of key with the sordid background as is the one big building, which is never the school but the barracks of the Civil Guard, bearing its motto, *Todo por la Patria.* The Civil Guard is the rural arm of the Secret Police, and its two-man patrols stand at each end of every Castilian village, peering intently into vehicles and questioning the passers-by. They look tough and competent in their green uniforms, black-lacquer hats, and business-like arms—one man with a rifle, the other with a tommy gun.

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You break your journey at Burgos, the old capital of Castile. Here are dust, clatter, and bustle, crowded streets, ten-story office buildings going up, and stores beyond whose grimy fronts fancy goods are for sale. Ten minutes out of Burgos you are again in rural Spain—where too many people produce far too little food, where a village is lucky to have a public fountain in which the women can wash clothes.

Suddenly the narrow, pitted road widens into a four-lane highway. At its end, like a technicolored panorama, spreads Madrid, with its villas, palaces, parks, and skyscrapers (the newest is twenty-eight stories high, and one wonders how many joint stock companies will have to be added to Madrid's 2,100 to fill its offices). In fifteen minutes you are on the Gran Via, Europe's closest approximation to Fifth Avenue. The shops here sell luxury goods the match of any in Paris or London; the traffic, despite an army of policemen in English Bobby uniforms, keeps jamming up; the women are handsomely dressed and bejeweled; and in the sidewalk cafes every seat is taken by seven in the evening.

Standing on the Alcala one day, I counted sixteen banks. On the shady streets off Prado Boulevard are scores of handsome apartment buildings. Of the estimated 150,000 housing units which Spain will need each year in the next decade, it is building about 17,000, and the bulk of these—by official admission—are for upper-bracket incomes. At eleven at night fleets of limousines unload their occupants at the fashionable "revue" theaters.

After a week here you begin to think of this handsome city as a leech, growing fat on the blood of the

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exhausted country. The great landlords live here. So do the industrialists of Bilbao. Half the nation's trade and industry is run from here; profits, instead of enriching the localities where they are earned, are channeled to Madrid. Yet they go only into the pockets of the few, despite the Falange's constant talk of social justice. On the Gran Via the well-fed are besieged by the ragged and hungry peddling American cigarettes, offering to shine shoes, or selling lottery tickets—one of Spain's great industries. No other capital in Europe has so many beggars. The bread ration at the controlled low price is

a third of a pound a day, but you can buy a loaf of beautiful white bread at any of the luxurious delicatessen stores for what is half a day's pay for most Spaniards. A semi-skilled worker earns 50 to 60 cents a day; the constant pressure from the overpeopled countryside keeps wages down. The white-collar class is relatively even worse off. A postal inspector makes $30 a month after thirty years of service. A teacher can barely keep his family alive on $20 a month. Many people hold two jobs. I know of a General Staff colonel who takes off his uniform at night and goes to work as a typist. But not everyone can find—or survive—two jobs, and there is bitter, and growing, discontent.

The distress cannot be ignored. A Western diplomat tells me that many worried employers asked for permission to raise the wages of their workers last year but were turned down by the government, fearful of more inflation. The same diplomat believes, as do many informed Spaniards, that the wave of strikes last spring was started by the Falange syndicates, which felt that some of the steam must be allowed to blow off—though they did not reckon on the explosion they got. "What could you expect," said a Spaniard to me, "when a kilo of sardines was selling in Barcelona for 27 pesetas, or just about a day's pay?" Each time I talked of the strikes, I suggested the Communists had started them. Each time the people laughed and said, "That's what the government would like us to believe, but we know better." Violent anti-Communists told me they had taken part in the strikes, if only by refusing to board a streetcar. "We had to do something. One can no longer live like a human being."

It is easy, but wrong, to blame it all on Franco, or the Falange. When the Caudillo won the war in 1939, he inherited a mess of problems. The impoverished soil, primitive agriculture, inefficient industry, oversized bureaucracy, centralized controls—all these existed in the days of the republic, in the thirties, and during Primo de Rivera's dictatorship in the late twenties. If you study the economic statistics, you see that the graph started skidding twenty years ago and more. Moreover, many of the things for which Franco is blamed today are imposed on him by harsh necessity. It is true that in this major olive-oil producing nation the worker's oil ration is tragically inadequate. But olive oil is one of the few commodities Spain can sell in the world market; it must sell oil if it is to buy flour, fertilizer, or machinery. Wages must remain low as long as the productivity of the Spanish worker is one of the lowest in Europe. At the same time, productivity must remain low as long as people do not get enough to eat. To buy fertilizer or to build hydroelectric-power projects, Spain needs foreign credits, but it received none until some American banks extended credit in 1949. Every country in Western Europe, including Germany and Italy, has been given American aid for reconstruction, but Spain has had to repair the damage of the civil war by its own effort.

THIS much must be said to avoid distortion. But when it is said, the bill of indictment against the Franco regime remains long. The smell of decay rises heavy from the entire scene—land, culture, politics, and public life. The charge against Franco is that he has done nothing to arrest this decay, and often, in fact, speeded it up behind a screen of high-sounding phrases unmatched this side of the Communist world.

The core of the Spanish problem is the village. Here the decay is at its worst. While Spain's population has been growing at the rate of 1 per cent a year, its agricultural yield has been dropping steadily. With 1929 (Primo de Rivera) taken as 100, the output in 1935 (Republic) stood at a good 97.3, skidded to 71.4 in 1947 (Franco), and in the dry year of 1949 slipped farther to 64.3. This year the crop has been fair, but the trend continues. According to the regime's own figures, the annual yield in 1940-49 was nearly a third below the level achieved before the civil war.

To arrest the decline, the land needs water, fertilizer, draft animals, and some improvement in the medieval method of agriculture. But the amount allotted to agriculture in the budget—the same budget which gives the Ministry of the Interior 14 per cent——is less than 1 per cent. Less than 6 per cent of all the cultivated land is irrigated today, and most of this predates Franco. The first fertilizer plant was completed only this year. A system of supplying low-cost mules to the farmer has proved woefully inadequate, and it is a rare farmer who has the $1,400 with which to buy a pair of mules in the open market. As for the modernization of methods, it exists almost wholly in glossy government pamphlets. What the tired land needs is rotation of crops. What it gets at best is a bit of rest; so that a quarter of all wheatfields

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lie fallow each year. No wheatfields in Europe give such a pathetic yield—well below ten metric quintals a hectare.

Spain does have small and profitable farms, mostly in the lush and narrow strip along the Mediterranean. But this is a tiny part of the broad canvas. Only in Asia can one find such extreme conditions of landlordism and peonage as here. According to one estimate, 28.7 per cent of the persons engaged in agriculture own their land, 16.3 per cent are share-croppers, 8.3 per cent are farm workers holding regular jobs, and *46.7 per cent are seasonal workers.* California's Okies were rural aristocracy compared with the hungry men and women I have seen on the roads of Andalusia and the eastern provinces, carrying their belongings on their backs and their infants in their arms. They trudge over high mountain passes in search of a job that will pay them 30 to 40 cents a day for a week and then turn them off until another season.

The Falange has a land reform on its books. ("We don't like to use the words 'land reform,' " one Falangist told me. "It smacks too much of the stuff the reds used to peddle, and it alarms the landowners.") The National Land Settlement Institute has been organized to purchase the estates of the great landowners and resell them to the share-croppers. In October, the institute announced that by January 1, 1950, it had settled 23,000 people on 274 estates—"1,168 people in 1949 alone." No one obviously need be alarmed at the pace.

The figures help to explain the government's overriding interest in industrialization as the solution for Spain's ills. Western experts here disagree strongly with this view. The dropping agricultural yield, they argue, has cut into Spain's earnings, compelled it to buy food abroad, and put most Spaniards on a hunger ration. And even if Franco were right, most Western experts here still insist that he has no coherent industrial plan. ("This is not a plan," one expert told me. "It's just a lot of figures on paper, plus a few projects that can be shown to visiting firemen.")

THE industrial index today is about a quarter above the 1929 figure, but the progress is deceptive. While the land cries for tractors, factories produce one of the plushiest and most extravagant jobs displayed at the Paris Automobile Show. A much-publicized achievement this year was a penicillin plant. But, as an economist put it, "no one seems to have given serious thought about where they're going to sell this penicillin"; at the corner drugstore where I go the penicillin of course is Danish.

Spain's economy is dominated by the Big Five of its 140 private banks. This is speculative capital, with an eye on quick returns. While heavy industry lacks funds, the consumer industry booms. The whole economic structure is lopsided, with the basic industries—coal, iron, power—unable to cope with the demand and unable to expand. When the government proposed a great new steel works, the steelmakers of Bilbao refused to subscribe a peseta. They had other uses for their huge profits. A lot of money goes into the black market, or is invested in Madrid real estate, or is smuggled to Tangier. Only a small portion goes into the public till. When, a few years back, the government decided to introduce a new tax on incomes exceeding $1,200 a year, only 9,000 people in all Spain confessed to earning that much.

Despite bitter complaints against government interference, this is still a paradise of free enterprise. Juan March, who financed Franco's revolt, is now making fabulous sums in ways so well concealed no Western diplomat can trace them. And a Spaniard tells me of a man named Vila who "can buy or sell anything you want." Vila had a contract to feed Spain's armed services and the prison population—his allotment per prisoner was three cents a day. Eventually, he ran afoul of the authorities, was fined $4,000, and put in prison. He promptly installed telephones in his cell and ran his business from there: "Hello, hello, I will buy 10,000 liters of olive oil." Now he is free again and doing well. Wealth is not confined to Madrid. Andalusia's landowners and Catalonia's textile manufacturers are also prospering. A few years ago a Catalan married a woman in San Sebastian. He flew the Barcelona Philharmonic to San Sebastian to play at the wedding, brought a bishop to officiate, and gave a two-day feast to his guests. The bride wore jewelry worth $400,000.

But nowhere else in Europe are the masses so badly off. An adult's ration permits 150 grams of bread a day, 100 grams of Spanish beans a week (for *cocido*, a stew which is the mainstay of his diet), 100 grams of lentils a week, and half a pint of olive oil every ten days. No one, of course, can survive on this diet. So everyone goes to the black market, where a 100-gram bun costs 4 cents, a quart of olive oil 70 cents to $1, and a kilo of rice, lentils, or Spanish beans around 20 cents. These are staggering prices to a man earning 50 to 60 cents a day. "Meat?" said a mechanic to me. "What's that?"

There are just a few more strokes to add to the story of the little man. Franco's system of social welfare—*which includes no unemployment insurance*—applies only to incomes below $360 a year. And Franco's own Institute of Statistics reports that in 1948 a worker earned, in real wages, only two-thirds as much as he did in 1936. The tragic inflation, brought on by the red adventure in Korea, was still ahead.

The other day a rich Spaniard I know took a lady to a restaurant run by Hitler's former chef. When I asked him the next day how much the meal cost him, he replied cheerfully, "Oh, half a month's income." It was no joke. His dinner for two cost him exactly a fortnight's pay for most Spanish workers.

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Schuman's Pool of Troubles

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, December 29

ON DECEMBER 8 the French National Assembly embarked on a debate in the grand style—one which clearly revealed the various trends of thought in France. The question was the ratification of the Schuman Plan, and discussion went on for several days. Some French papers have expressed astonishment at the extraordinary lack of interest in this debate shown in Britain—as distinct from the United States, where the interest seems to have been almost excessive. At one moment the Pleven government found itself in serious difficulties, so urgent was the demand from the right to postpone a final decision and give the Schuman Plan a few more months' study, but soon all was well again, and by 377 votes to 235 the Assembly took "the plunge into the unknown"—a phrase, surprisingly enough, used by that worthy European gentleman M. Van Zeeland of Belgium.

There is no doubt that the offensive conducted against the plan by the Gaullists and Communists was joined by a large number of right-wing deputies representing the French employers, particularly the steel magnates of Lorraine, as well as by deputies whom the strongly "anti-Boche" speeches of General Aumeran and others had left with the uncomfortable feeling that conditions today were radically different from what they were in May, 1950, when the Schuman Plan was launched. As one speaker put it, "It may have sounded revolutionary then, but one has to choose the right moment for revolutions." Today, many felt, the Schuman Plan was mixed up with too many other things, and was inseparable from the problem of German rearmament. In the course of the debate 101 objections to the plan under present conditions were offered, but the Pleven government was determined to have it ratified, and when there was danger that it might not be, American influence made itself felt in all sorts of direct and indirect ways. Finally the wobblers decided it was better not to make Uncle Sam and Uncle Ike angry. As for the industrialists, they appear to have received some private assurances from the United States that their interests would be defended.

One need not dwell too much on the Communist tirades against the plan; Duclos and others went out of their way to make France's flesh creep with visions of millions of French "slaves" being deported to Germany after the supra-national authority and the United States had developed the Ruhr into something so gigantic that the French coal and steel industries were completely ruined. The government insisted that the High Authority, the Assembly, and the Court constituted sufficient safeguards. The plan, it maintained, had three major advantages: it would supply France with badly needed coal and coke and perhaps even turn Lorraine into a "second Ruhr"; it would add to "the glory and prestige" of France; and it would make the Ruhr, instead of an arsenal of Germany imperialism, "an organ of European vitality."

A lot was said about Briand, the "pilgrim of peace"; M. Gouin, for the Socialists, became so lyrical about the prospect that he even quoted Victor Hugo, and said that the Schuman Plan was like the first rays of dawn over those United States of Europe of which Hugo had dreamed more than a hundred years ago. But this was a little too simple, and the government was rather on edge throughout the debate. After all, even if the Foreign Affairs Committee had approved of the Schuman Plan, the Defense Committee had not, and its spokesman, M. Loustanau-Lacau, declared: "Are we to put our key industries at the mercy of a High Authority in which France is in a minority? By ratifying the Schuman Plan you also automatically agree to the creation of a European army. The Defense Committee is opposed to scrapping our national army."

There were other more precise objections. One was that the Adenauer government could not be expected to last long and was therefore not qualified to commit Germany to observe a particularly inelastic fifty-year treaty. Moreover, German governments of the future, like those of the past, would observe a treaty only as long as it suited them. Grave doubts were also expressed about the High Authority. To what extent would it and could it defend France's interests? If its guiding principle was to be "the most rational distribution of production at the highest level of productivity," was it not only too likely that the Germans would always secure priority in new capital investments and France be left high and dry?

Several speakers quoted from a recent statement by High Commissioner McCloy in which, emphasizing the benefits that would accrue to Germany from the Schuman Plan, he said, "With German efficiency all uneconomic concerns in other Schuman Plan countries will be eliminated in a short time." M. Pierre André (rightist) quoted Mr. Churchill as saying in June, 1950, that without Britain taking part in the pool it would "naturally come under German domination."

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To the argument that France would at least be assured a supply of cheap coal and coke, it was replied that there was absolutely no guaranty of this in periods of shortage. And who knew how much France would get if Germany were to go on expanding its own steel production indefinitely? (Point is lent to this argument by the news that the Schuman Plan may not be ratified by the Bonn Parliament unless West Germany is authorized to increase its steel production to nineteen million tons immediately.) Other objections referred to the Saar. What if the Saar broke away from France and thus reduced the French vote in the Assembly from eighteen to fifteen and increased the German vote from eighteen to twenty-one? Could anybody say that might not happen in 2,000 A. D.?

RENE MAYER, Pleven, and Schuman himself—in order of effectiveness, if one may say so—disposed of these criticisms as best they could. They admitted there were risks, but what great new venture did not involve risks? At the same time they stressed the obvious economic benefits to France, and the psychological effect that the laying of "this cornerstone of a United Europe" would have on world opinion. But somehow it did not sound quite right. As many speakers observed, there *was* no United Europe. The Germans, unfortunately, even some people in Adenauer's Cabinet, could think of a United Europe only in terms of "unifying all the German lands, including Austria and Alsace-Lorraine," while the Americans looked upon the Schuman Plan as being, above all, a first step toward the formation of a more or less German-dominated European army. This point was clearly stressed by Mr. McCloy in a recent speech, which was also extensively quoted. And the European army (German version) might well mean, as speakers of different parties pointed out, that France would be dragged into a war against Russia. The government was careful to state that the ratification of the Schuman Plan did not mean the ratification of the European army—M. Schuman himself had often observed that the two were not interdependent—but many were unconvinced.

While the Gaullists also contended that "the Germans would cheat," they attacked the plan chiefly as anti-national, saying that it handed over to a "stateless technocracy" the fate of French industry. They were in favor of federation, but putting economic federation before political federation made no sense. Political federation should be achieved in Western Europe by means of a referendum in all the prospective member countries; after a federal parliament was set up, there could be economic federation. But each member state should keep its own national army.

The concluding phase of the discussion summed up the main arguments. The government spoke in terms of France's prestige ("You mean your prestige; France's prestige is not involved," one speaker interjected). M. Chaban-Delmas (Gaullist) said he hoped the Schuman Plan would be a success but did not believe it could be. M. Duclos (Communist) said that before long Krupp and other war criminals would set up new torture chambers for French slave labor; he also revealed, rather to the embarrassment of the Socialists, that the Federal Mineworkers' Committee of the Socialist *Force Ouvrière* trade unions had passed a resolution against the Schuman Plan. M. Pierre André (right), reflecting the views of certain industrialists, said he had still failed to receive a satisfactory reply to what was to him the chief question: "What would happen if the High Authority were to decide to concentrate its capital investments in the Ruhr?"

Finally, Paul Reynaud sharply warned the Assembly that if it did not ratify the Schuman Plan, the United States, which with the Presidential election impending was in a very tricky mood, might give up the defense of Continental Europe and adopt Taft's strategy of peripheral defense. This really amounted to saying that the Schuman Plan *was* the prelude to the European army—and to German rearmament. Even so, the reference to Taft scared many deputies.

Foreign Minister Schuman

The sequel of the story is in Germany. As mentioned above, the Germans now wish to raise their steel output to nineteen million tons a year, and Adenauer, in his determination to get the Schuman Plan through his Parliament, is said to be willing to make far-reaching concessions to the rightist parties, who would above all like to be told, if only off the record, that the pool will in the end be their pool and the European army predominantly their army.

What, it is asked, will the German Socialists do to counteract these dangerous trends? The French Socialists are a little mystified by the behavior of their German colleagues. At the latest meeting of their National Council there was a marked movement in favor of keeping Germany disarmed and against ratifying the European army. Despite the implication of M. Reynaud's speech, they voted for the Schuman Plan—M. Gouin had not quoted Victor Hugo in vain—but the army is different. This was made plain at Strasbourg when M. Spaak failed to "sell" it as a "lesser evil" to the French and Belgian Socialists.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Leader of the Revolution

GEORGE WASHINGTON: A BIOGRAPHY. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Volume III, Planter and Patriot. Volume IV, Leader of the Revolution. Charles Scribner's Sons. $15.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. By Curtis P. Nettels. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Francis Rufus Bellamy. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $5.

AS MR. FREEMAN is the most admired of our living biographers, and as Volumes I and II of his life of Washington were published three years ago, few readers need to be reminded at this date that in fulness, authority, and interest his work is superseding all others. There will be other biographies of Washington, of course, and they will be welcome, for it is dangerous in principle to leave any great man in the custody of a single literary guardian; but additional investigation, as far ahead as can be seen, is more likely to take the form of commentary or supplement, and the correction of minor shortcomings, than of an entirely new undertaking on a comparable scale.

Until recently a Washington biography of such breadth and solidity could not have been projected, for it has taken more than one generation of archivists and editors to assemble the materials in usable order. With all requisite sources at hand, the right biographer might not have been easy to find. Mr. Freeman was not the inevitable choice that he now seems, for his experience had all been in a later period. It is good to remember that it was that clear-sighted poetic interpreter of the American spirit, Stephen Benét, who first suggested him. Not since Monday, May 16, 1763, when a young Scotch visitor in London was drinking tea "in Mr. Davies's back-parlour" has there been any happier bringing together of subject and biographer. To be sure, the returns are not all in; but with these volumes the biography reaches its halfway mark, and although the most difficult years are yet to come, prediction seems safe.

The present instalment resumes the story at the close of 1758, when the twenty-seven-year-old Virginian, having resigned his military commission, returned home to marry and to take up the relatively humdrum life of a planter on the Northern Neck. It ends on a note of drama that Mr. Freeman, with his delicate feeling for effect, intentionally subdues. On April 30, 1778—a year that "thus far had been a nightmare of cabal and intrigue in command, and of pallor, hunger, tatters, and foul odors at Valley Forge"—a messenger arrives at headquarters in Morristown with news from France. It is great news. Spring has come to America.

The 1,200 pages in between give the reader the twofold pleasure of hearing a great story told with classic precision and economy of language and of watching the biographer at work, in the footnotes, marshaling and examining evidence, weighing problems, determining degrees of probability, formulating his conclusions, or perhaps adding some additional information that would retard the movement of the narrative and yet is too precious to discard. There are many uses for footnotes besides the ones listed in the manuals of historical method, and Mr. Freeman knows them.

In an introductory essay the author comments at length on several matters of importance such as the growth or transformation, "beyond documentary explanation," of Washington's character and the nature of his work as Commander-in-Chief: "he was one-tenth field commander and nine-tenths administrator." On the first he might have quoted William Ernest Hocking's observation that "the important facts [of history] are never verifiable, for they take place in the mind." Actually, he is not disturbed by the absence of paper-and-ink confirmation of the fact; he is merely stating what every experienced biographer knows.

The attentive reader of a work as detailed and complex as this needs every mechanical help that the book designer can give. It is a serious defect in the design of this work that it lacks an analytical table of contents, preferably with the additional convenience of corresponding running-heads, and a chronology. The analytical table of contents appears to have gone out of style except in technical books. It is time to bring it back. The index is admirably full and accurate, but all too many of the longer entries consist of line upon line of page references unrelieved by any word to indicate their importance, and the huge composite entry, occupying thirteeen pages, under Washington's own name is so badly arranged as largely to defeat its purpose.

The other two books here under review require less notice. In "George Washington and American Independence" Professor Nettels has traversed once more the fifteen months that led from Lexington and Concord to the Declaration of Independence in order to determine Washington's part in hastening the great decision. That part, as his vividly and vigorously written book makes clear, was larger than has always been supposed. The excitements, enmities, and uncertainties of the time live again in his pages as we see Washington emerge as the leader of the Revolution. Mr. Nettels combines a highly competent technique of investigation with a partisan, patriotic, and even moralistic point of view that seems rather old-fashioned. His is not the most philosophical kind of history, but it makes lively reading, and bias so forthright and aboveboard is less objectionable than a bogus objectivity.

I wish I might say as much for Mr. Bellamy's queerly proportioned "Private Life of George Washington." He writes with so pleasant a mixture of shrewdness and sentiment, and with such winning friendliness toward both his subject and his readers, as to make criticism sound ungracious, but this latest attempt to disclose the "real Washington" beneath the trappings of war and state is seriously deficient in historical and literary craftsmanship.

GEORGE GENZMER

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The Hemingway School

SCIROCCO. By Romualdo Romano. Translated from the Italian by William Jay Smith. Farrar, Straus and Young. $2.75.

LITERARY prizes have a way of offering deceptive guaranties of merit; the latest prize novel to reach us from Italy, Romualdo's "Scirocco," which won the newly instituted Hemingway Prize in 1949, is a case in point.

The novel, plotless and moody in the best "American school" tradition of the '20's, chronicles a few days in the life of a Sicilian school teacher who has been assigned classes in a remote mountain hamlet where the conditions of poverty, apathy, ignorance, and sordid interests fill the narrator with "exasperated irritation." Irritation and a related impotence not only to act but to formulate projects of action seem the key to the author's as well as the narrator's state of mind.

Though the action takes place in the second year of the war, as little reference is made to the world beyond the village as if the young school teacher, like his illiterate charges, were bound exclusively by parochial interests. Nor does the interplay of moral forces between the Fascist satraps and the lone suspected anti-Fascist ever come sharply into focus. The narrator's comment on a night excursion headed by the local party secretary, in which he takes a reluctant and passive part, is: "I was sad and bored, and did what the others did with no enthusiasm whatever." The party secretary himself, a character who presents two contrasting facets to the reader with no attempt on Romualdo's part to integrate these complexities, is shown as "one of those who believe inevitably in their own laws." And the young, bored narrator sums up, "As such I hated him." He does not explain why the man who believed in his own laws could at the same time be the executor of a remote but despotic absolutism. Nor why, throughout, this party secretary, the only man of action in the hamlet, is given such loving, three-dimensional, albeit confusing, characterization.

If Romualdo's intent has been to present in all its moral inconclusiveness the personality of a drifting, observant but morally inert young man, he has succeeded at least partially. Yet the narrator's very quality of drifting makes him before long uninteresting in the extreme. After he has observed seven times in three pages that the world he lives in is "filthy," the reader is bound to take his word for it: the postmaster's teeth are filthy; the fellow school teacher's socks, which he throws in the bread basket but puts on again when he goes to bed, are filthy; and of course the bedraggled children in their underfed, half-naked pullulating life are filthy too. The point is, does the drabness of the narrative and its poor, monotonous preoccupations make for realism, or a form which convincingly communicates the tenebrous view into the Sicilian rural world young Romualdo seeks to offer us? Or does it just imbue us with the boredom and indifference which so patently characterize the hero-narrator?

Except for a disproportionately detailed scene of heron hunting, the "realism" is a poor imitation, by an eager student of American literature, of the early novels of Caldwell and Faulkner (both writers have long been more familiar to the least alert civil servant in the provincial cities of Italy than to our equivalent readers, who still prefer the *Satevepost*). Romualdo does not paint in depth but only in surface grime, which can prove pretty unsatisfying even in a book of only 182 small pages.

The translation is very good indeed, except for the one slip Mr. Smith makes when he translates *continentale* as continental: here the perversity of the Sicilian nature breaks through with insular force, for anyone who comes from the Italian mainland is, of course, called in Sicily a *continentale.*

The evident derivation of the hunting scene—a genuine experience in locally unique surroundings worthy of the best Hemingway hunting scenes—and the open worship of what the author considers the American realistic school seem to me the only possible reasons, however wrong-headed, for "Scirocco's" having been awarded a prize except for sustained monotony.

FRANCES KEENE

The New Canada

CANADA'S CENTURY. By D. M. Lebourdais. The British Book Center. $4.

THE place names in Canada are moving north. Names like Yellowknife, Leduc, Steeprock, Knob Lake, and Hamilton River will be the familiar names of tomorrow. It was not so long ago that Canada to the average American, and to many Canadians as well, meant that ribbon of tilled and settled land, with its tourist byways, that lay just north of the border—the Maritime

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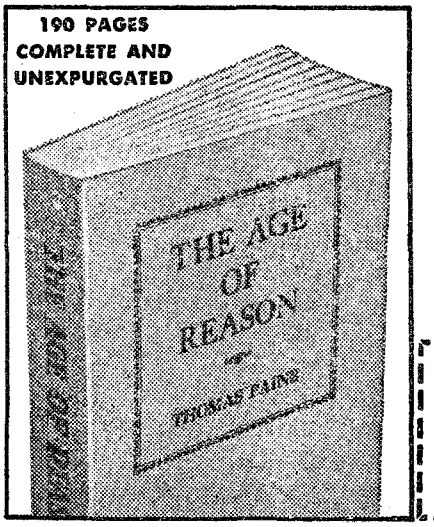

EARLY in life, Abraham Lincoln was tremendously influenced by the writings of Thomas Paine—particularly by his essay advocating the abolition of slavery. Lincoln constantly sought inspiration in Paine's works. He said: "I never tire of reading Paine". Thomas A. Edison came under the influence of Paine and fully acknowledged his indebtedness to this profound thinker. He said: "Paine educated me . . ." Men like Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson loved and honored this great genius.

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Provinces, the valley of the St. Lawrence, the western peninsula of Ontario, the north shore of Lake Superior, the wheat-growing plains of the Western provinces, the Canadian Pacific Rockies, and the fertile valleys on the West Coast. Even today the highways and the railroads take you through this part of Canada and seldom beyond. This book takes the reader into the new Canada, a vast territory extending from Labrador to the MacKenzie and reaching up into the islands of the Arctic Sea—the two and a half million square miles of pre-Cambrian rock and muskeg, the oil lands of Alberta and Saskatchewan, the iron mountains of Ungava, the great northern rivers awaiting hydroelectric installations, the spruce forests, and untapped bodies of ore. Today the new railroads, the new air routes, the new investments are all pointing north.

D. M. Lebourdais has done a competent reporter's job on the geography and geology of this new Canada. Fifty years ago, in a moment of exuberance, Sir Wilfrid Laurier predicted that the twentieth would be Canada's century. Now, Lebourdais thinks, there is a good chance that this prediction will come true. A railroad is under construction to the great iron-ore deposits of Labrador. A pipe line already brings Alberta oil to the Great Lakes. The St. Lawrence seaway will soon be constructed by Canada with or without the cooperation of the United States. The North is bursting with energy. The last great geographic and industrial frontier on the continent is under assault.

There is one disturbing note in the Lebourdais survey. Apparently in the development of Canada's newly found resources the all too familiar pattern of exploitation is being followed. It is the big companies that are in it up to the neck: the big oil companies and the big mining companies are pouring in their millions and will soon be drawing out their multi-millions. True, as the author suggests, the workers in the new wilderness will not have to rough it as their forefathers did. They will have all the modern facilities—the neat stucco houses with hot and cold running water, the recreation center, the modern company store, and the new movie twice a week, all the comforts of the well-run company town. But perhaps ordinary Canadians may want more than that. They may even advance the modest plea that if the next half-century is to be labeled Canada's, a little more of it should belong to them and not merely to some very solid and reputable names on the New York Stock Exchange. I am a little surprised that Mr. Lebourdais made no special mention of the province of Saskatchewan, where it appears that the public authorities persist in the heresy that the natural resources which are being uncovered in the North are the people's birthright and should be developed primarily in the interest of their better life.

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The Masters in Color

ITALIAN PAINTING: THE RENAISSANCE (from Leonardo da Vinci to Veronese). Text by Lionello Venturi and Rosabianca Skira-Venturi. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. Albert Skira. $17.50.

THE second volume of the Skira history of Italian painting covers the sixteenth century in Florence, Rome, Venice, and northern Italy. As in the Skira series on modern painting, all the illustrations are in color. The 105 plates included in the present volume give a fair idea of many of the finest possessions of the galleries of Rome, Florence, Venice, Naples, Milan, Madrid, Paris, London, and Washington. In addition to the commanding figures, lesser masters like Savoldo, Moroni, and Lorenzo Lotto are fortunately included, but I could wish for something better than a couple of portraits to represent such original artists as Bronzino and particularly Pontormo. There are special reproductions of some of the Correggio frescoes at Parma, and some of the Raphaels in the Vatican, and a truly remarkable group of seventeen details from the Sistine ceiling. The latter—due allowance made for translation from plaster to slick paper—are so accurate as to be unexpectedly disconcerting: Michelangelo's work has been considerably patched up through the centuries by restorers, and all previous color reproductions gave a very false impression of a homogeneous surface. The actual state of disrepair is clear in the detail of Daniel, but none the less Michelangelo's power surmounts even these obstacles. Two of the nudes, in a relatively good state, come through magnificently.

The accompanying text is rather perfunctory. Lionello Venturi's fifteen-page introduction accents the importance of judging these artists on their own merits and not from Vasari's assumption that the masters who preceded these heroes of his day were merely preparing the way. He also points to the paradox between the high condition of the arts and the disintegration that marked other aspects of Italian life in the sixteenth century. Venturi's daughter has written the many biographical summaries. While they are satisfactory enough, they contain nothing new to a reader familiar with the history of Italian painting.

I return therefore to the color plates. Modern reproduction on shiny paper works reasonably well for bright-hued pictures, especially those of the past sixty years and of the early Renaissance. But the rich echoes of Leonardo's shadow or of Giorgione's color, not to mention the subtleties of late Titian and Tintoretto, are not caught so easily. There are serious discrepancies within this volume: the bleached detail of the nude woman in Giorgione's "Tempest," as against the over-dark illustration of the whole picture. And there are worse discrepancies between reproductions of the same picture in this book and in the

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new Abrams volume on the Art Treasures of the Louvre. In this book the "Mona Lisa" has a red splotch on the near landscape and bright green mountains; in the other, the larger plate is almost monochromatic. Here Paul Veronese's "Calvary" is too dark; in the Louvre album it is properly blond. In both, Giorgione's "Concert" is gravely misrepresented, and the detail included in the present volume is shockingly bad. In general, however, the details of the Venetians are very successful; it is the ensembles which disappoint through an inevitable loss of texture in the small scale of the plate.

Giorgione's "Venus," so long at Dresden, now euphemistically described as "inaccessible," is reproduced from a color reproduction. The decision to do so cannot even be classed, I am afraid, as a noble experiment.

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

Books in Brief

ARISTOTLE'S THEORY OF POETRY AND FINE ART. With a Critical Text and Translation of the Poetics by S. H. Butcher. With a Prefatory Essay on Aristotelian Literary Criticism by John Gassner. Dover Publications. $4.50. This is a welcome and handsomely printed reissue of a standard translation made more than half a century ago. Butcher's exposition and interpretation —twice as long as the "Poetics" itself— has become something of a classic in its own right, and John Gassner contributes an intelligent discussion of the relation of Aristotle's ideas to some recent attitudes toward tragedy. Romantic critics who stressed literature as an expression of a writer's personality rather than an "imitation of life" discounted and misconstrued Aristotle's meaning, and to many he came to seem irrelevant. Probably most critics today are closer to him than critics were half a century ago, and there is still no better approach to a discussion of, say, "The Death of a Salesman" than via some of the generalizations he made. The Butcher text affords the best way of finding out what Aristotle actually said.

STORY. The Magazine of the Short Story in Book Form. Number One. Edited by Whit Burnett and Hallie Burnett. David McKay. $3. Those who remember with some affection the old *Story Magazine,* which introduced a number of gifted American writers to the reading public, will be pleased to learn that its editors have decided to bring it out twice a year in book form. Number One presents twenty moderately entertaining stories, ranging in locale from China to the Bronx to Ireland, by an international group of young writers. Although a few of the stories are banal and some are merely slick, the general level is one of unexciting competence, with the exception of one or two that are sharply executed (such as James Wyckoff's "The Door Between" and William D. Magnes's "The Vise"). Perhaps the prospect of appearing between book covers will encourage new writers to enliven future issues with more stimulating and original writing.

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IT WAS in connection with "Caesar and Cleopatra" that Bernard Shaw asked his famous question "Better than Shakespeare?" Up to the end of his life he was still explaining that he had never meant "better in all respects," and the question does not need to be answered in that expanded form. What is really important is the fact that the Vivien Leigh-Laurence Olivier production at the Ziegfeld Theater demonstrates that "Caesar and Cleopatra" is brilliant and engrossing simply as a play, without reference to Shakespeare, and, what is more surprising, without any undue emphasis upon its paradoxes or its lessons.

What time and familiarity with the Shavian point of view has done is to put audiences at their ease. They are no longer either puzzled by his point of view or nervously anxious to demonstrate that they understand what he is getting at. Taking his drama as drama and his comedy as comedy, they can enjoy both. Perhaps no work can really become a classic until something like that is true, and if—I apologize for the phrase—the "audience acceptance" of Shaw has reached a new high during the last few years, what that means is simply that Shaw has by now educated these audiences to the point where they enter his special world almost as easily as they do that of any other popular writer. One may even go one step farther and say that just as his own contention that the premises of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" are foolish and immoral is fundamentally irrelevant to the drama as drama, so the alleged superiority of his own is irrelevant to our judgment of him. In both cases all that is really necessary is that the premises should be temporarily acceptable and that an interesting story resting upon them should be told.

I must add that "Caesar and Cleopatra" has never before seemed to me so interesting a play as it did at the Ziegfeld and that this is of course at least as much the result of what the present production does for Shaw as of what time had previously done for him. The day may come when his reputation will tend to oppress his interpreters as much as Shakespeare's often does now and in its own way interfere with effective interpretation as much as another kind of

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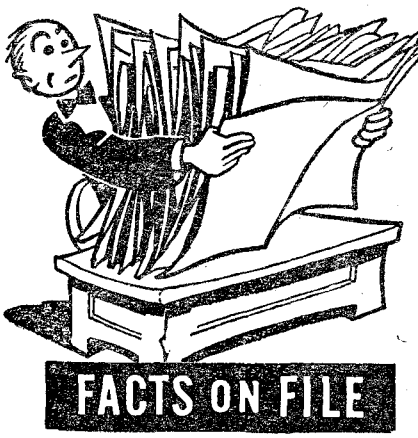

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self-consciousness has interfered with some productions of Shaw. But Miss Leigh and Mr. Olivier are quite properly at ease in a play which is, for them, neither merely impudent on the one hand nor sacred on the other. Mr. Olivier's Caesar is the disillusioned idealist humorously resigned to doing the best he can in a world he did not make and with human material of very disappointing quality. Miss Leigh is an exasperatingly attractive Cleopatra who learns only half the lesson that Caesar would teach her—how to assume power but not how to use it. The support is uniformly first-rate, the mise-en-scène sufficiently imposing without being overwhelming, and the action moves with admirable swiftness. It is not often that those who go to the theater in the line of duty feel moved to say as I am now: it seemed short and it was too soon over.

None of this is meant to imply that what Shaw has to say is of no importance to him or to us; only that the intellectual implications have been, with the aid of time, put in their proper place. Of course Shaw himself did mean a kind of retort to Shakespeare. The play is no play unless one realizes that when he tells us that the real significance of the story of Cleopatra emerges when the drama does not center around an amorous episode but around what happens when a great man grown old meets a queen who has not yet grown up, he is thereby returning to his puritan insistence that life is real and life is earnest. But neither could it become the kind of play it now is until we had learned to be at home with this idea in a sense that its earlier audiences were not.

It is no news that Shaw, to a degree extraordinary for an artist, was concerned with the idea of government, its importance and its difficulty. Almost at the end, when Caesar is reminded that Rome produces no art he replies by asking if peace or even war is not an art, and by dismissing what the subject peoples have to give as mere ornaments. If this is not necessarily all that Shaw himself would have to say on the subject it is an attitude not wholly incomprehensible to him, and it suggests again the obvious fact that he sees in Caesar a hint of both the superman and the philosopher-king. Curiously, despite all his contempt for that Elizabethan man in the street with whom he identifies Shakespeare, the two have something in common. Shakespeare, as historians are fond of asserting, had a sense of the primary importance of social stability which renders the historical plays, perhaps even "Hamlet," incomprehensible to those who do not share it.

Among the many Shavianisms scattered through the text of the present play two widely separated ones, certainly not intended to be taken as comments one on the other, may nevertheless be confronted. Near the end Caesar, rebuking Cleopatra for her wilfulness, says: "I do not do what I want to do; I do what must be done. That is not happiness but it is greatness." Much earlier he had said: "When a stupid man is doing something of which he is thoroughly ashamed he is sure to tell you that it is his duty." Now Caesar was not a stupid man, but is not the fatal defect in the idea of the philosopher-king here exposed? It is terribly difficult for even a benevolent dictator to distinguish between "what has to be done" and that "duty" which is only an apologetic name for something of which anybody ought to feel thoroughly ashamed. There was a great English writer between Shakespeare and Shaw who spoke wisely of "necessity, the tyrant's plea."

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MANNY FARBER

LET Stevens or Kazan win their Oscars; *The Nation's* Emanuel—a life-size drip-celluloid statue of Kirk Douglas ranting and disintegrating in the vengeful throes of death—goes to the man or men responsible for each of the following unheralded productions of 1951.

"Little Big Horn." A low-budget Western, produced by Lippert, starring John Ireland and Lloyd Bridges. This tough-minded, unconventional, persuasive look-in on a Seventh Cavalry patrol riding inexorably through hostile territory to warn Custer about the trap Sitting Bull had set for him was almost as good in its unpolished handling of the regular-army soldier as James Jones's big novel. For once, the men appear as individuals rather than types—grousing, ornery, uprooted, complicated individuals, riding off to glory against their will and better judgment, working together as a team (for all their individualism) in a genuinely loose, efficient, unfriendly American style. The only naturalistic photography of the year; perhaps the best acting of the year in Ireland's graceful, somber portrait of a warm-hearted but completely disillusioned lieutenant who may or may not have philandered with his captain's wife.

"Fixed Bayonets." Sam Fuller's jagged, suspenseful, off-beat variant of the Mauldin cartoon, expanded into a full-length Korean battle movie without benefit of the usual newsreel clips. Funny, morbid; the best war film since "Bataan." I wouldn't mind seeing it seven times.

"His Kind of Woman." Good coarse romantic-adventure nonsense, exploiting the expressive dead pans of Robert Mitchum and Jane Russell, a young man and a young woman who would probably enjoy doing in real life what they have to do here for RKO. Vincent Price superb in his one right role—that of a ham actor thrown suddenly into a situation calling for high melodramatic courage. Russell's petulant, toneless rendition of "Five Little Miles from San Berdoo" is high art of a sort.

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"The Thing." Howard Hawks's science-fiction quickie, fast, crisp, and cheap, without any progressive-minded gospel-reading about neighborliness in the atom age; good airplane take-offs and landings; wonderful shock effects (the plants that cry for human blood as human babies cry for milk); Kenneth Tobey's fine unpolished performance of a nice, clean, lecherous American air-force officer; well-cast story, as raw and ferocious as Hawks's "Scarface," about a battle of wits near the North Pole between a screaming banshee of a vegetable and an air-force crew that jabbers away as sharply and sporadically as Jimmy Cagney moves.

"The Prowler." A tabloid melodrama of sex and avarice in suburbia, strictly from James M. Cain, featuring almost perfect acting by Evelyn Keyes as a hot, dumb average American babe who, finding the attentions of her middle-aged disc-jockey husband beginning to pall, takes up with an amoral rookie cop (nicely hammed up by Van Heflin). Sociologically sharp on stray and hitherto untouched items like motels, athletic nostalgia, the impact of nouveau-riche furnishings on an ambitious ne'er-do-well, the potentially explosive boredom of the childless, uneducated, well-to-do housewife with too much time on her hands.

"The People Against O'Hara." An adroit, scholarly example of sound story-telling that every Message Boy should be made to study as an example of how good you can get when you neither slant nor oversimplify. Also highly enjoyable for its concern about a "static" subject—the legal profession, as such—and the complete authority with which it handles soft-pedaled insights into things like the structure and routine of law offices; the politics of conviviality between cops, D. A.'s, judges, attorneys; the influence of bar associations; the solemn manner of memorializing the wrench caused by the death of a colleague; the painful "homework" of committing to memory the endless ramifications of your case as well as the words you are going to feed the jury in the morning.

"The Day the Earth Stood Still." Science-fiction again, this time with ideals; a buoyant, imaginative filtering around in Washington, D. C., upon the arrival of a high-minded interplanetary federalist from Mars, or somewhere; matter-of-fact statements about white-collar shabby gentility in boarding-houses, offices, and the like; imaginative interpretation of a rocket ship and its robot crew; good fun, for a minute, when the visitor turns off all the electricity in the world; Pat Neal good, as usual, as a young mother who believes in progressive education.

"The Man Who Cheated Himself." A lightweight O. Henry-type story about a cop who hoists himself on his own petard; heavyweight acting by Jane Wyatt and Lee Cobb; as a consequence, the only film this year to take a moderate, morally fair stand on moderately suave and immoral Americans, aged about forty. An effortlessly paced story, impressionistically coated with San Francisco's oatmeal-gray atmosphere; at the end it wanders into an abandoned fort or prison and shows Hitchcock and Carol Reed how to sidestep hokum in a corny architectural monstrosity. Cobb packs more psychological truths about joyless American promiscuity into one ironic stare, one drag on a cigarette, or one uninterested kiss than all the Mankiewicz heroes put together.

"Background to Danger." Tough, perceptive, commercial job glorifying the P-men (Post Office sleuths), set in an authentically desolate wasteland around Gary, Indiana, crawling with pessimistic mail-robbers who act as though they'd seen too many movies like "Asphalt Jungle." Tight plotting, good casting, and sinuously droopy acting by Jan Sterling as an easily-had broad who only really gets excited about—and really understands—waxed bop. Interesting for such sidelights as the semi-demi-hemi-quaver of romantic attachment between the head P-man and a beautiful nun.

And, for want of further space, six-inch Emanuels to the following also-rans: "The Tall Target," "Against the Gun," "No Highway in the Sky," "Happiest Days of Your Life," "Rawhide," Skelton's "Excuse My Dust," "The Enforcer," "Force of Arms," "The Wooden Horse," "Night into Morning," "Payment on Demand," "Cry Danger," and an animated cartoon—the title escapes me—about a crass, earnest, herky-jerky dog that knocks its brains out trying to win a job in a Pisa pizza joint.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

THE shift of the N. B. C. Symphony broadcasts from Studio 8H to Carnegie Hall has improved the over-all quality of the sound that comes out of our radios, giving it a warmth and naturalness which the sound from 8H did not have. But whereas C. B. S.'s method of picking up the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall brings us an orchestra which is at a sufficient distance for the components of the sound to be spaced out, N. B. C. transmits a sound whose components are tightly crowded in on us as though we were placed right in the middle of the orchestra.

In Carnegie Hall the N. B. C. Symphony plays and sounds, under Toscanini's and Cantelli's direction, like the great orchestra it became the year of the transcontinental tour—with the unanimity, precision, finish, and sensitiveness, the blending, refinement, and beauty of tone that were carried to breath-taking incandescence in the performance of Debussy's "La Mer" at the final concert of the tour in Philadelphia. A week or two later "La Mer" was recorded—but not in the Academy of Music or Carnegie Hall; and the newly issued RCA Victor LP record gives us the performance with the altered sound it had in Studio 8H—some of the most agreeable sound we have ever had from that accursed place, but not what I heard in Philadelphia. And not with the warmth and distinctness of the sound of the New York Philharmonic on the Columbia LP record of the performance of "La Mer" conducted by Mitropoulos. The Mitropoulos violence produces nothing worse than an excessive acceleration here and retardation there; so that on the whole the performance is an acceptable and effective one, though not what Toscanini's has become—the definitive performance of our time. Coupled with Toscanini's "La Mer" is a transference of his older recording of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music—quite satisfactory with treble stepped up; coupled with Mitropoulos's is Debussy's "Iberia" played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under

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Ormandy—one of Ormandy's better performances, and the first Columbia recording to reproduce the orchestra's playing not only with distinctness but with the warmth and sheen of its sound.

Of the Bach Harpsichord Concertos Nos. 3 and 4 recorded for the Bach Guild (Vanguard) by Kurt Rapf and a small Viennese orchestra, No. 3 is an alternate version of the E major Violin Concerto, with a superb slow movement whose long-breathed melodic flow is more effective with the sustained tone of the violin, and No. 4 has only a moderately engaging first movement. The performances are good.

Some of the works of Vivaldi that we know well are very beautiful; but the unfamiliar Concertos in E minor and F and Violin Concertos in C and B flat recorded for the first time by Polymusic I find mostly uninteresting. Elliot Magaziner's violin tone is a little veiled; the playing of the Orchestra Symphonique de Paris under Charles Bruck is good; surfaces are a little gritty.

Beecham's often graceless and ponderous performances of Haydn's Symphonies Nos. 94 ("Surprise") and 103 ("Drum Roll") with his Royal Philharmonic (Columbia) provide further evidence of the recent deterioration in his work; and their recorded sound becomes coarse, dull, and enveloped in distortion as the pickup moves toward the center of the record. His performance of Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" Overture, on another record, is also over-deliberate; that of the "Ruy Blas" Overture is good; surfaces are a little gritty. Still another record offers his excellent performances of the Suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Le Coq d'or," some of Rimsky's best music, and Franck's "Le Chasseur maudit," a poor work.

Considered by itself Monteux's new performance of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du printemps" with the Boston Symphony (RCA Victor) is competent and effective; but it lacks the force of Stravinsky's own dynamic performance with the New York Philharmonic, or even of Ansermet's more stolid performance with L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande. The recorded sound of Stravinsky's performance is clear and cold; that of Ansermet's has the spatial depth and roundness of London orchestral recording; that of Monteux's has Victor's warmth and radiance. My choice would be the Stravinsky.

And I would choose Ansermet's somewhat stolid performance of the complete score of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" in preference to the violent one by Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic (Columbia) and the frenetic one by Stokowski and an assembled orchestra (Victor). But best of all, again, is Stravinsky's own, inadequately reproduced performance of excerpts with the New York Philharmonic; and one wishes he would make a new recording of the entire score.

As for Milhaud's "La Création du monde" and Copland's "El Salón Mexico," excellently performed by orchestras under Leonard Bernstein (Columbia): the idea behind Milhaud's use of jazz in his piece—that because jazz is the music of the American Negro it is the right material for a ballet about "the creation of the world as it might be imagined by an aboriginal mind"—seems to me fallacious; but a couple of the passages in which Milhaud uses jazz material are effective, and indeed the only good things in the piece. That is more than I can say for Copland's work, into which he says he hoped to have put something of the spirit of the Mexican people that he felt in the popular tunes he heard. With his treatment of the languorous tunes—which I would again describe as putting them into a rhythmic straitjacket and pouring harmonic acid on them—I would say he put into the work the spirit not of the Mexican people but of Aaron Copland.

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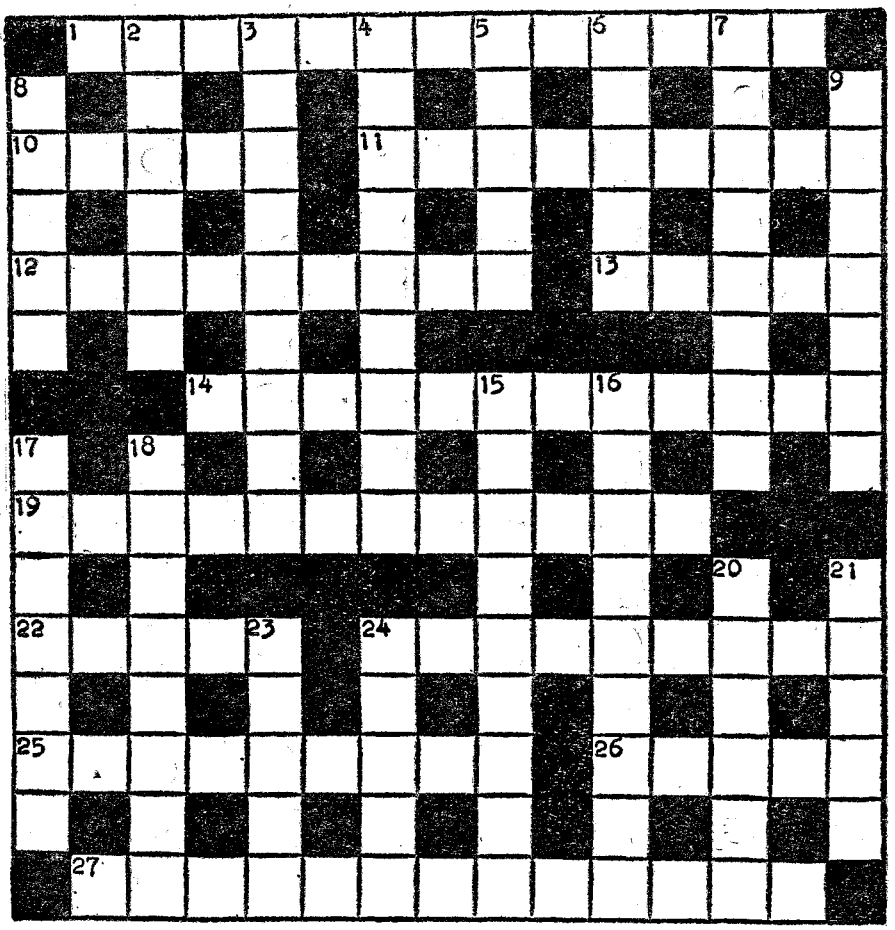
Crossword Puzzle No. 446

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Comparatively presumptuous? (Says he's afraid, otherwise.) (5, 2, 1, 5)
10 This digit might make its point. (5)
11 Their reaction might depend on the season. (9)
12 Instructions for bubble formation might be deadly. (9)
13 Comparatively sec. (5)
14 Did it begin with Francis Scott? (3, 9)
19 Utopia? (1, 5, 2, 4)
22 One of these is hard, yet shakes.
24 Things might be so identified initially. (9)
25 What many pitchers rely on? (9)
26 I'm past being an adult insect. (5)
27 Super-duper? (10, 3)

DOWN

2 Fair game for a Russian wolfhound? (3, 3)
3 This is "it"! (3, 6)
4 Stop in at a change of course. (9)
5 Vaults are so passé! (5)
6 Change. (Notice when it's about human beings!) (5)
7 Poker debts? (8)
8 Border state? (This side Paradise!) (5)
9 His hold isn't strictly legal. (7)
15 It makes a sort of agent gain, in large proportion. (9)
16 A square shouldn't have one near. (9)
17 The whim of a top U. S. dramatist. (7)
18 The Emperor set a good example. (8)
20 Take a taxi and a couple of articles to arrive at the cottage. (6)
21 Part of your habiliment, perhaps, looks like a bed! (5)
23 Stick with the hired help! (5)
24 Part of a battery works from one. (5)

• • • • •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 445

ACROSS:—1, 10 THE BIRTH OF A NATION; 6 SHED; 11 SERIOUS; 12 CONDUCTS; 13 QUITO; 15 INSET; 17 OUTWEIGHS; 19 COMPASSES; 21 and 7 down TRAPSHOOTING; 23 OILED; 24 RETICENT; 27 KICK-OFF; 28 BRASSIE; 29 YANK; 30 PERSIFLAGE.

DOWN:—1 THAW; 2 ENAMORS; 3 IVIED; 4 TENACIOUS; 5 OASIS; 8 DISPOSSESS; 9 9 FREQUENT; 14 DISC JOCKEY; 16 TRAP DOOR; 18 TEST TUBES; 20 MILK CAN; 22 AMNESIA; 24 RIFLE; 25 CHAFF; 26 MERE.

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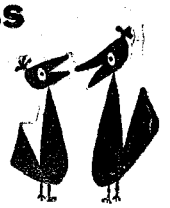

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